

ATTRIBUTED TO HOMER: MARGITES

1 There came to Colophon a wonderful old bard,
page of the Muses and Apollo, Archer-god,
with a melodious lyre in his hands.

2 (*About Margites*)
The gods had never taught him how to plant or
sow

or any other skill: he failed at every craft.

3 He knew a lot of things, but never knew them
right.

5* The fox knows lots of tricks,
the hedgehog only one—but it's a winner.

7 . . . bladder (?). Hand outstretched,
[he took his dick and set it to] the pot, and thrust
[it in. Now in two] pinches he was caught:
[his hand was stuck,] he could not get it out,
[and he was bursting.] Well, he soon pissed in the
pot

. . . he had a new idea:

. . . flung the doors open, and rushed out

. . . through the dark of night

[seeking to free his dick] and free his hand.

. . . through the dark of night

. . . [he r]an without a torch

. . . unlucky he[ad]

. . . thought it was a stone

. . . and with forceful hand

. . . [sma]shed the pot [thereon.]